

## THE SIDEWALK WIZARD.

When the day gets mild and mellow,  
Just as people do with age,  
And the sun goes red and yellow  
Pictures on the wall.  
Then we say "farewell!" to daytime,  
Then we banish books and suns,  
Then the city takes its playtime,  
Then the organ grinder comes.

How the boys are constantly chiming  
To the melody that goes:  
From some simple poet's rhyming  
Pulsing through the vibrant strings,  
Children sing with voices beaming,  
Old aunts, old grandmamas—  
All is youth in fact or seeming.  
When the organ grinder comes.

And the dancers, little and merry,  
Trooping, haste like hordes of elves,  
Were dancing then blind and vary,  
Knew not where they themselves.  
'Tis a fairland in true life,  
Where no grief the spirit numbs,  
And we find a sparkling new life.  
When the organ grinder comes.

—Star.

## DEBORA'S IDEA.

"A woman's idea air sometimes wruth considerin,'" began Fisherman Joe, tilting his chair back and giving incessant puffs at the stem of his old clay pipe. "I hev found that out for sure. Now, for more years an I can remember, we lived down on ther P'int, Debra an me."

"We fished, raised chickens, ducks an geese, an' betwixen 'em all, with their eggs, we made a party tolerable fair livin' an' had a little mite over. But ther mite over were mostly for house rent, so a mighty little was left to go down, an' that was for a rainy day. However, them little in ther sock contained fast stinkin' cash we had ther fast payment on this place. An by the time we'd saved up nigh on to er lifetime we paid her last cent on it, an' ther place was ours. We fixed it up some, givin' it a tuck when we could, an' fast thing we knew we had a mighty fine place. All it lacked was ther house, an' we 'lowed to het that if we lived long enough. An thinkin' of that, we'd up our heads prudlike an worked every now an' then down on ther sock an droppin' somethin' that chinked into it."

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